

dozen members of the St. Petersburg S-D military organization. Since the police had no evidence of my connection with the latter, I was set free.

As after my ill-fated trip to the villages in November, 1905, I found that things had changed while I was in prison. The S-D organization in St. Petersburg had been practically liquidated. The Council of the Unemployed was disintegrating. During my arrest, Anarchist gunmen had killed our engineers, Bers and Nurberg. The first was a hard-boiled reactionary with a deep dislike for the workers; the second was a kind man with liberal leanings, sympathetic to our cause. After these murders, the Anarchists launched a campaign among the unemployed, trying to seize control of the Council. Furthermore, some of the old members of our organization were inclined to try a new tactic—to send threatening letters to the reactionary councilmen and murder the most vicious among them. For this purpose a secret terroristic group of “Revengeurs” had been founded.

When I told Lenin of the “Revengeurs” and their plans, he asked, “How strong might the group be?”

“Perhaps two or three dozen cutthroats.”

“Could they hurl a hand grenade at those municipal scoundrels?”

“They could. This is what makes the situation so grave.”

“Perhaps that would be worth trying,” he remarked meditatively.

Feeling that my time in the movement of the unemployed was over, I decided to resign from the Council and resume my work at the University. Though I remained president of the Council until my successor was elected, I registered for three examinations and passed them after an evening’s preparation for each.

The examination in the philosophy of law brought me face to face with Petrazhitzky, who had been released shortly before from the Crosses after three months’ detention for having signed the Viborg Manifesto. He greeted me with unexpected friendliness.

“Happy to meet you here, colleague,” he said. “Last time we met in an electoral meeting, on different sides of the fence, and it was a pure accident that we did not meet in the Crosses.”

“We spent our summer vacation in different resorts,” I remarked.

“This difference is accidental,” he went on in his pedantic way. “Do we meet today, too, accidentally or are we both back in academic life?”

When I confessed that I had not made up my mind, Petrazhitzky remarked, “Politics and science do not mix. To be in politics, one must sacrifice a part of his wisdom, and to be in science during certain historical eras one has to renounce other values. But let us